2498

THE

BENEFIT OF STARVING;

OR THE

ADVANTAGES OF

HUNGER, COLD, AND NAKEDNESS;

INTENDED AS A

CORDIAL FOR THE POOR,

AND AN

APOLOGY FOR THE RICH.

ADDRESSED TO THE

REV. ROWLAND HILL, M. A.

By the REV. W. WOOLLEY, M. A.

My Bowels! My Bowels! I am paincd to my Heart!

JEREM. iv. 19.

Wherefore my Bowels ſhall ſound like an Harp.

ISAI. xvi. 11.

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1792.

TO

The Rev. ROWLAND HILL.

REV. SIR,

AS it is no uncuſtomary thing at College, for a pupil on his firſt eſſay, in the wide world of letters, to dedicate his wonderous offspring to the Herculian Tutor, under whoſe genial and prolific rays he received the firſt ſeeds of extraordinary knowlege.

From this conſideration, Sir, I do not doubt, but you will pardon the liberty I take, in dedicating and recommending to your *very generous* patronage, and *liberal care*, this little primogenitor on the experimental

and

and practical nature of involuntary *neceſſity*; which, I think, I may venture to ſay without flattery is touched on, not in that looſe careleſs way that Divines write Faſt Sermons, with full bellies; or as carping Counſellors plead againſt Covetouſneſs—but, with as keen a ſenſe of the reality of the ſubject, as he who writes *rheumatiſm* with a chalk-ſtone extracted from his own knuckle.

Pardon the liberty I have thus far taken, while I ſubſcribe myſelf, from the moſt acute conviction.

Rev. Sir,

with all poſſible ſenſibility,

Yours, &c. &c.

W. WOOLLEY.

THE

PREFACE.

THERE is no taſk which a feeling man can poſſibly enter upon with ſo much reluctance, as that of refuting perſonal invectives; becauſe he knows how hard it is to ſay much of himſelf without the appearance of vanity, or, at leaſt, without offending the delicacy of ſome. Every remark in his own favour, though extorted by unjuſt charges, may be imputed to arrogance; and

the honeſt ſallies of any indignant warmth may be eaſily conſtrued into the language of pride, diſappointment, or moroſeneſs.

Beſides, however forcible and convincing his defence may be; with whatever ability he may, for a time, repel the blunted ſhafts, which malignity and cowardice aim at his character in the dark; yet he cannot but foreſee the danger there is in ſpreading a blaze round it which may attract the public eye, or provoke the rigor of a ſcrupulous, and perhaps prejudiced enquiry.

Few of us are ſo exempt from infirmity and miſtake, as not to lie

lie open to ſome cenſure; and when, to gratify a depraved appetite, it is once reſolved upon, that an innocent and helpleſs creature ſhall be ſacrificed, it is eaſy to gather ſticks from the thicket, where it has ſtrayed, to make a fire to offer the victim up with.

Beſides, ſlanderers always fight on dirty ground, and with dirty weapons. It is not therefore eaſy, when once engaged, to get clear of ſuch a conteſt, without being beſpattered with ſome of the filth. Hence many perſons, of the greateſt reputation, have choſen rather to bear the ſting of unmerited reproach, than involve themſelves in a diſpute of ſo precarious an iſſue.

Even where the pureſt minds can have nothing to fear, a laudable contempt of ſuch antagoniſts may prevent men from noticing their abuſe, leſt it ſhould give a degree of conſequence to ſuch deſpicable enemies. The little inſects which a ſummer's heat have engendered, muſt periſh of themſelves in the froſts of an enſuing winter.

Real merit, like ſincerity, is beyond the reach of groveling ſcurrility: Great minds are not eaſily checked in their path of duty, by the wretched obſtructions of envy and malice, but advance above them with ſilent contempt, juſt as the generous courſer paſſes unheeding by the barking of a ſorry cur,

which

which never can annoy, nay ſcarce be heard beyond the limits of his native dunghill.

Notwithſtanding the moſt eminent goodneſs may, by its height, be ſecured from the effuſions of baſe calumny, yet the ſituations of thoſe who move in humbler ſpheres are widely different. The mediocrity of their rank leaves them within the reach of vulgar aſperſion. Their ſucceſsful progreſs through life frequently depends not ſo much upon their own deſerts, as upon the opinion of others. They muſt ſometimes anſwer the challenge of a ruffian, or their courage and character will be queſtioned; yet muſt be tremblingly alive to

every attack upon their credit, repelling it with cautious vigour, or their eſtabliſhment and fortune are ruined for ever. A tame ſuffering of abuſe would be thought by many to ariſe from an incapacity to anſwer; and the undiſcerning multitude might not fail to conſider the ſilence of the accuſed, as a ſtrong proof of his guilt.

Under ſuch circumſtances the caſe of an unbeneficed and dependent clergyman is peculiarly hard. A ſort of ideal perfection, unattainable by man, is rigorouſly expected from him. His character, like Cæſar's wife, muſt not even be ſuſpected. If his reputation is once blaſted by the breath of envy, what innocence

of

of heart, or conſciouſneſs of integrity, can reſtore his character with the multitude? Yet, ſhould he come forward with a bold vindication of his conduct, and endeavour to confound his falſe accuſers, he is then reproached with a want of humility, gentleneſs, and patience.

If, on the other hand, he makes no reply, the ſcandal gains ground: it is greedily ſwallowed by the vicious of every deſcription: others dare not attempt to oppoſe it, for fear of having their own faith and virtue glanced at: Even the moſt generous regard the poor culprit with barren pity; and can only leave him to the conſolations of a future life for a juſtification of his inno-

innocence, while he languiſhes in the preſent under a double preſſure of want and diſgrace. Thus for a while he ſeems to fall, alike the victim of tribulation or courage.

Notwithſtanding theſe conſiderations, alarmed, as I have lately been, at the idea of finding myſelf left to ſo cruel an alternative, I thought it neceſſary to prefix theſe few remarks, on its injuſtice, to my propoſed Narration. I therefore wiſh to take up the queſtion on general grounds, before I apply its principle to my own particular circumſtances.

NAR-

NARRATIVE.

HAVING been about three years ſince, anno 1788, on a tour to Paris, with a very agreeable proſpect of improving my condition, I was much ſurpriſed, upon my return, to find my company ſhunned by many of my former acquaintance; and to be refuſed admittance into families where I had before enjoyed the eaſieſt acceſs. What mortified me ſtill more was, that I could not immediately obtain a proper explanation of ſuch ſtrange behaviour.

Has

Has the failure of my undertaking, thought I, made ſo total a change in my perſon and manners, that every body diſdains to aſſociate with the diſappointed adventurer?

Or, perhaps, ſaid I with a ſmile, when the door was one day ſhut in my face, by a pretendedly religious friend, they think the plague is in France, and that, like a paſſenger from ſome contagious port of Turkey, I ought to perform *quarantine*, before I preſumed to approach any of the good people of London. My doubts, upon this head, were ſoon cleared up.

In conſequence of having been for ſome time an afternoon-preacher,

at

at St. Matthew's, Bethnell-Green, I offered myſelf a candidate for the vacant Lectureſhip. It was upon my being ſo ſituated, that I diſcovered the ſcurrilous reports which had been induſtriouſly circulated through that pariſh; it was impoſſible I could reply to what I then knew nothing of, and what had been too raſhly and too generally looked upon as unanſwerable.

My journey from London to Paris had paſſed now for an unequivocal proof of my apoſtacy; report ſpread it, ſtupidity believed it, and it had thence currently run and prevailed, that I was become a rank Papiſt.

A few,

A few, indeed, who did not chuſe to appear quite ſo harſh, or, rather ſo flagrantly abſurd in their ſuſpicions, generouſly concluded my trip to the continent was the effect of madneſs; who, ſhrugging up their ſhoulders, and inclining their heads, with great appearance of concern, ſaid, "they pitied indeed the poor young man for his inſane excurſion, but, being ſatisfied of his weakneſs, they could not place any further confidence in him."

I muſt own I was ungrateful enough not to thank theſe profeſſing Chriſtian friends for their very kind and charitable conſtructions; and, perhaps, before I have done with them, they may be convinced, that

neither

neither the maſk nor the cloak of hypocriſy, will ſcreen them from the light of truth and reaſon.

As to my ingenious enemies, who now exult in the momentary effects of their inventives and falſhoods, I am not without hopes of making them wiſh, that, inſtead of ſpitting abroad their aſpiſh venom, they had for once at leaſt ſwallowed the poiſon they carry under their lips, which will ſerve, ſome time or other, to rancle in their own breaſts, as a juſt reward of their wickedneſs.

As direct charges have a more violent, though not leſs fatal tendency, than artful inſinuations, I muſt begin with them firſt.

The heinous crime, of which I have been not only accuſed, but condemned, by theſe white men's Black Act, and that without benefit of clergy, is, going acroſs the Channel, from the favourite ſeat of the Proteſtant religion, to that dread coaſt, where Popery, with daring front, had long diſplayed her gaudy banner, but is now withdrawing a-pace. What farther evidence can any one require of the wicked deſertion of my native land to embrace foreign errors than this?

The cliffs of Dover are obviouſly the great or only barrier which Heaven has raiſed to guard Engliſhmen againſt the idolatry of their Continental neighbours. The air

of

of France is, no doubt, ſo impregnated with ſuperſtition, that it is of courſe impoſſible to reſide there for an inſtant, without inhaling beads, bones, and relicks, at every breath.

How wiſely has Providence ordained for the peace and ſecurity of mankind, to ſmite with blindneſs thoſe barbarous miſcreants, who would fain tear an innocent man to pieces, and pull, as it were, his houſe about his ears; "ſo ſmitten with blindneſs," was Lot's aſſailants, that they "wearied themſelves in vain even to find the door!" Thus the poor wretches, who had ſingled me out as the proper object of their virulence, knew indeed, that nothing could ſo effectually injure me, as to

excite ſuſpicions of my apoſtacy, yet wanted ability to give a better colouring to the accuſation, than the ridiculous account of my journey from London to Paris.

But, perhaps, theſe gentlemen, if I do not miſapply the term, were ſhrewder than one might at firſt ſight ſuſpect them to be. They had read that, in the ancient confuſion of civil and eccleſiaſtical power, when the Britiſh throne was beſet by devotees to the Pope, the force of laws, and the juſt authority of the ſovereign were often eluded by appeals to the court of Rome; the clergy then were rigorouſly prohibited from quitting the kingdom without leave, leſt ſuch departure might be with a

view

view of embroiling the ſtate, and transferring their allegiance from their lawful king to a foreign power.

If my learned accuſers wiſh to apply to me any ſuch piece of hiſtory, or ſuch doctrine, they ought to be a little more attentive to the total change of circumſtances, and not confound the neceſſary reſtrictions of remote ages with the freedom of the preſent times; nor the ambitious motives of mongrel divines, or turbulent prelates, with the ſimple views of a poor curate.

They might as well, to uſe the words of one, "confound Alexan-

der the Great with Alexander the Copperſmith." But to proceed:

The very charitable inſinuations of ſome of my religious friends are the next objects of neceſſary comment. Thoſe candid ſouls were incapable of judging ſo harſhly as to aſſert, that I had croſſed the water in order to change my creed; yet not being able to account for my departure upon rational grounds, they, with ſmall modeſty, and great candour, ingeniouſly aſcribed it to inſanity. Well,

I could from my ſoul have forgiven them, had they ſaid, that I had been bit by a mad-dog, and was gone to get a proper ſea-dipping;

for

for in that caſe, after my ſuppoſed pickling and cure, I might again have laid claim to the reſumption of my uſual functions.

But by implication to brand me with undefined madneſs; to ſay that my faculties ſuffered a total and irrecoverable eclipſe, is following too cloſely the example of the ſubtle Quakers in the ſtory of the mad-dog, affecting to take themſelves no active ſhare in its ruin, but giving him a bad name, and then leaving the poor animal to be hunted to death before the hue-and-cry of an excited mob.

Now, in order to place the conduct of ſuch people in a proper light, and to expoſe in the mirror

of truth, a ſmall part of their hypocritical baſeneſs, I will lay before the reader a conciſe, and, I hope, a modeſt account of my former exertions profeſſionally in their ſervice; alſo of the ſcanty and precarious income I for a long time ſubſiſted on, with the motives that prompted me to viſit Paris; and of the neceſſity to which I am now reduced, in making this public appeal to the tribunal of humanity, in my own behalf.

When I firſt came to London, which was about five years ago, without noble patronage or extenſive connections, I could expect only the probability of occaſional duty; this, indeed, was very inconſiderable. As the regular clergy are not

always

always very ſcrupulous in the choice of thoſe whom they employ as ſubſtitutes, provided the work is done cheap, it turns the ſcale in favour of ſuch as offer their ſervices at a lower rate than a common mechanic may reaſonably aſk for his day's labour.

The buſineſs of preaching and praying for hire in this great metropolis, being almoſt wholly engroſſed by intruders into the church, I mean men without the leaſt claim, ordination, or literary merit; who, to uſe their own phraſe, *get themſelves docked*, that is, have their hair cut ſhort, put on a ſable garment, and have art enough to obtain a gown by ſurreptitious methods, at the

ſame

ſame time know no more of ordination than of real divinity.

Should any individual, or any particular ſet of men, feel themſelves hurt by this remark, if they are wiſe they will conceal the ſmart, and not betray the pertinency of the application by their petulance. It is politic for men to follow Shakſpeare's advice, who act like Shakſpeare's diſciples.

"—They that are moſt galled with my ſpeech,
They moſt muſt laugh."——

But to return to my narrative. A vacancy preſenting itſelf for a clergyman to do duty at the Marſhalſea priſon, I made a reſpectful offer of my ſervices, which was accepted.

cepted. The perquiſites were very trifling; they conſiſted only of one ſhilling at the eventual enlargement of every priſoner. I do not wiſh to inſinuate, that my clerical viſits at the Marſhalſea for above two years, without any pecuniary reward, were purely diſintereſted. Though there was no fixed ſalary, yet I had ſome flattering hopes of being able to procure it from government. I was become known to Sir Richard Hill, who always treated me with the liberal condeſcenſion and kindneſs for which he is ſo juſtly characteriſed. He even ſpoke in my favour to Mr. Roſe, from whom I received the promiſe of a ſettled ſtipend for my attendance at the priſon; together with a let-

ter

ter to the Knight Marſhal, requeſting him to ſign my preſentation in due form. Unluckily for me, the Knight Marſhal, from ſome difference in political ſentiments with Mr. Roſe at that juncture, paid but little regard to the letter; ſo that I was ſtill kept in a ſtate of the moſt anxious and diſtreſſing expectation.

While I thus attended the Marſhalſea, with flattering hopes in my eye, but nothing in my purſe, I now and then got a job, as it is vulgarly called, from ſome one conſiderate brother, who, pitying my diſtreſs, thought it inconſiſtent with his oaths and office to ſave a few ſhillings, by the excluſion of a regular claimant. Such aſſiſtance, however,

however, afforded only a momentary relief. I had nothing even in appearance permanent, but the poor ſum of one ſolitary guinea per quarter, for reading prayers twice a week, at Surrey Chapel. And this liberal income, with the thinly ſcattered *windfalls* of ſome caſual Sundays, conſtituted the whole of my worldly acquiſitions. With theſe I was to keep up the appearance of exterior decency; to maintain the dignity of the church; and to ſupport a wife, who, though entitled to a competent fortune in reverſion, could obtain no immediate ſupply upon ſuch a contingency. The very people who now artfully pretend to bewail my ſuppoſed indiſcretion, could then look upon my

real diſtreſs with the moſt callous inſenſibility. They were eye-witneſſes of my diligence in every point of duty: They ſaw me labouring in the vineyard, and chearfully bearing the burthen and heat of the day; but in the evening they refuſed me even a poor penny as the reward of my toil. Such was my then comfortable ſituation, which they now reproach me with madneſs for having quitted.—Do I wrong them in aſcribing their *cloſe-fiſtedneſs* to ſuch ſordid motives as inhumanity and avarice? Were they actuated by a truly Chriſtian regard for my eternal welfare? This involuntary faſting and mortification, they perhaps looked on as ſo much kindneſs conferred on me, though much againſt my will; and

were,

were, therefore, unwilling, by any *ill-timed liberality*, to ſtop, even for a ſingle moment, the accompliſhment of ſuch *deſirable* ends in ſo *reaſonable* a way.

I muſt here beg leave to confeſs, whatever their kind motives might have been, that I never felt myſelf endued with the faculty of a camelion, that is, of feeding upon air; nor, after all that has been ſaid and ſung on the utility of mortifying the fleſh, have I ever experienced, either in body or mind, the leaſt benefit from rags or rigorous faſting.

It may be owing to the groſsneſs of my ideas, that I cannot conceive how a hungry belly, naked back, and fa-

tiguing walk, inſtead of a good dinner and comfortable cloathing, ſhould give peculiar grace, perſuaſiveneſs, and energy to a man's religious exerciſes; or how the painful ſenſations of intolerable hunger, ſhould encreaſe the fervor of his heart. I ſhould be glad to be ſet right in theſe matters, if I err through ignorance.

As it was ſarcaſtically ſaid of a famous Grecian Orator's ſpeeches, "that they ſometimes ſmelled too ſtrongly of the lamp;" ſo I have often thought that my own ſermons, and thoſe of many of my half-ſtarved brethren, might be obſerved, by a nice critic, to favour rather too much of pinching hunger. Our hollow ſounds, jejune

language,

language, together with the ſtarting tear, accompanied with a peculiar emphaſis on the words *glutton*, *banquet*, *belly*, &c. would ſtrike the ear as infallible echoes of an empty ſtomach; and, inſtead of a man being edified by our diſcourſes, he would pity, in the literal ſenſe of the word, the windy efforts of the ſhrill-toned preacher. Let no arch wag make perverſe uſe of theſe ſimple remarks. Let him not ſuppoſe, when he hears a pulpit-orator exert himſelf with commanding elocution againſt rigorous abſtinence, that he ſnuffs the ſmoaking haunch or rich ſirloin; or that the faint utterance of another againſt voluptuouſneſs, is the unerring effect of apprehended famine. Such a mode of deciſion would often prove falla-

cious. I only acknowledge my own weakneſs in thoſe reſpects, without any intention to eſtabliſh it as a ſtandard of judging for others, but leave it as a caveat againſt the poſſibility of miſapplied ridicule.

The reader will, I hope, pardon this ſhort ſuſpenſion of my narrative, while I give a little vent to the overflowings of a heart, preſſed with the keen ſenſations of a hungry belly, a dreary back, and an empty pocket. I will now again reſume my ſtory.

Wearied with frequent and unavailing attendance at the Treaſury, to obtain the promiſed ſtipend; fainting under that ſickneſs of heart, which ariſes from hope long deferred;

ferred; wounded by the cruel inſenſibility of my pretendedly religious friends; and having no immediate proſpect but that of miſery ready to overwhelm both me and the dear partner of my woe; how could I longer preſerve a tranquil mind? Could I paſſively reſign myſelf to every diſtreſs that ſurrounded me, without extending my views to other quarters for relief? No.

It was juſt at this juncture of time a generous Frenchman, whom I had accidentally become acquainted with, offered me his friendſhip, and ſafe eſcort to Paris. He had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a ſtrenuous advocate for civil and religious liberty in his own nation. Having had no ſmall ſhare in framing the late

petition

petition to the king of France for tolerating Proteſtants in that country. I at firſt heſitated upon the acceptance of his offer. A falſe ſhame having prevented me from explaining to him all my wants; and he being obliged to return to Paris immediately, left me his addreſs, with a kind invitation to the Continent. He had not been gone many days, before I lamented my own backwardneſs; and, finding no preſent obſtacle, determined to follow him.

The review of paſt difficulties happily ſurmounted, excited preſent hopes and chearful emotions in my mind. I am not, however, diſpoſed at preſent to divert either myſelf, or the reader, with any levity

by

by unſeaſonable pleaſantry as to the truly apoſtolic manner in which I was equipped, when I ſet off on my travels, having "neither gold, nor ſilver, nor braſs in my purſe, nor ſcrip for my journey; neither two coats;" and but one pair of ſhoes, which, from the many apertures in the upper-leather, before I reached Dover, exactly reſembled the ſandals of a mendicant friar.

The incidents of my journey from Calais to Paris were indeed extraordinary and intereſting, and may probably be laid before the public at ſome future time: but they have no neceſſary connection with the main object of the preſent narrative. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that, though I

landed

landed in France pennyleſs, and unacquainted with the language of the country, Divine Providence kindly relieved my wants, and every where ſtirred up friends to comfort and aſſiſt me on my way. I hope never to forget one of the beſt of the French proverbs;

" A brébis tondue Dieu meſure le vent."
God tempers the wind to the ſhorn lamb.

for I felt neither hunger, thirſt, cold, nor fatigue, till I got to my journey's end: But the ſevereſt trial of all awaited me there. My much-lamented friend and encourager died about a week before my arrival, of a violent fever. No man will doubt the ſincerity of my grief upon that occaſion. I did not, however, ſink into deſpair. I ſtill found

ſome

ſome truſt in Heaven, and was not diſappointed. I ſoon met with other friends who replaced the loſs of my patron; and though they could not procure me an eſtabliſhment ſufficiently inviting to engage me to fix my reſidence at Paris, yet, while I thought proper to continue there, they entertained me hoſpitably; and, at my departure, amply ſupplied me both with cloaths and money; ſo that, after an abſence of three months, I found my wardrobe and purſe much better furniſhed at my return to London than when I had left it.

The diſcerning reader will ſave me the trouble of pointing out the contraſt between the conduct of

thoſe generous, though deſpiſed, foreigners, and that of the *honourably unfeeling* part of my own profeſſing friends. The humanity of the former was not checked by any narrow prejudices againſt a friendleſs and unrecommended ſtranger; while the latter, to whom my moral and religious character had been fully proved by a long courſe of eccleſiaſtical functions, not only forced me, by the ſcantineſs of their ſupplies, to go in queſt of other aſſiſtance; but, as if irritated becauſe I was not zealous enough to ſtarve in their ſervice, ſpread upon my return, the moſt injurious reports; endeavouring to poiſon the minds of others by their defamatory ſuggeſtions; and, to complete their auſte-

rities,

rities, ſhut me out from all poſſible employment.

Theſe men, with the Bible on the tip of their tongues, appear not to have a ſingle ſentence of it engraven in their hearts. Had I even been guilty of a blameable act of imprudence: "had I been overtaken in a fault: inſtead of ſounding the the trumpet of infamy to my ruin, they ſhould rather ſtrive, to reſtore me in the ſpirit of meekneſs, conſidering themſelves, leſt they alſo be tempted."

In this general rebuke of my *quondam* or pretendedly religious friends, ſome may ſay thus: Did they not make you a handſome

recompence afterwards for your labours? I will ſtate the fact. Having returned from the continent, finding my purſe very low, I thought thus: Surely theſe people muſt have ſome kind of remorſe of conſcience left: In conſequence of which I ſat down, and wrote, to one of the gentlemen in truſt, a letter: I think the following is nearly a copy of it.

"DEAR SIR,

Not having heard of any church preferment ſince my return from the continent, and being obliged, ſpeaking after the manner of men, to dine by accident, and ſup by chance; if there is any thing due for reading Prayers, or performing Divine Service at Surrey Chapel, I ſhould be glad if you would ſend

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it me; having fully expected, on my return from France, you would have ſent me, as a compenſation for paſt ſervices, at leaſt, a 20l. bank-note."

After this, I ſtood looking through my window, from day to day, and walking about the room till I was quite wearied: at length, I was reſolved to go in perſon to the gentleman I had wrote to; and after waiting upon this gentleman, and the other gentleman, from time to time, for about a month, one "having nothing to do with money matters;" and the other, "not having ſet me to work," they deſired I would make out my bill. I told them I was not accuſtomed to make

prayer-bills; it was enough for me that I had done the job, as we term it.

At length, the gentleman to whom I wrote was willing to ſettle the accompt; to whom I then ſtated how ill I had been uſed. However, there was no ear for my complaint; he ſettled the matter, but not according to what I had a right to expect, with a 20l. bank-note, which was due according to *cuſtom*, but as follows: he ſaid, that, had I continued, they had purpoſed ſettling a ſalary on me, after the rate of *ten pounds a year*; ſo reckoning that I having had connections with the chapel about twenty months, and had received, during that *ſhort* period, about ſeven or

eight

eight pounds (which anſwers to the two ſhillings a week before ſtated) upon my giving a receipt in full of all demands, he would pay me after the rate of the intended ſtipend, 10l. a year, or 4s. a week; ſo that when the ſeven or eight pounds I had received came to be deducted, inſtead of receiving 20l. which I had a right to receive according to cuſtom, I only received nine pounds and a few ſhillings.

Poverty and the peal of a fixed ſalary ſounding in my ears, kept me ſtill among them; but had I known what they intended, I would not have ſtaid with them twenty days, except they could have convinced me that compulſive miſery, and involun-

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tary faſting were an ample reward for my labours. It muſt be confeſſed, that ten pounds a year is a very comfortable thing, for a clergyman, who has nothing more to live on; eſpecially as tea, ſugar, and all other proviſions are ſo exceeding cheap in this country. Who would not, therefore, bring up their ſons to the church, where induſtry and merit are ſure to be rewarded! rich profeſſors inſiſting upon it, that if miniſters are ſtarved in this world, yet they have the rich conſolation to be ſure of enough in the next. This ſhould be remembered by parents who are thruſting their children into this ſo plentiful a vineyard.

I do

I do not expect that my pretended friends will ever forgive me, for having thus openly and fairly explained to the world the real grounds of an unprovoked perſecution. However, I defy their malice, and I pity their impotence, becauſe this unvarniſhed ſtatement of facts will have its proper weight with all thoſe, whoſe favourable opinion I value.

I have not courted approbation with enticing words, nor have I eluded cenſure with falſhood or artifice. I have ſpoken of my own character unreſervedly. Self-preſervation, may, indeed, appear to have drawn the out-lines with two flattering a pencil; but a juſt likeneſs was, however, intended. And

if, after all, my former friends ſhould upon reading this account, accuſe me of boaſting; to them I ſay with St. Paul, that, "they have compelled me, for I ought to have been commended of them." Should ſcoffers of another deſcription attempt to be witty at our expence, I would apply to their ridicule the remark of one of their own Poets.

"On me when dunces are ſatyric,
"I take it for a panegyric.
"Hated by fools and fools to hate,
"Be that my motto, and my fate."

William Woolley.

No. 85, Blackman-Street,
Southwark, Nov. 22, 1791.